

Sunday Oregonian

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

Democrat Made to Blush for us Representatives.

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What are you trying to do, anyhow

drunks himself unnecessarily. Women as a

rule, rather admit a man's right to do as he pleases.

"What a name for the picture," said Helen Falconer suddenly under her breath, as she caught her off guard.

"I don't like that Mrs. Le Baron, Cecile. He seems to me like a fast man."

"He has. You tell him."

"Of course. You tell him that everything he does is his business, and that he can do as he pleases."

"I don't like him."

"I don't like him either."

"I don't like him."

He stopped, and then continued.

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STRANGE SETTLEMENT.

JOHN BROOKS AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE FOX" ETC
Written for the Sunday Oregonian
PART II

that had me him. It was impossible to avoid him. Entering the car, he made straight for me just as if he had expected to see me. Sitting down beside me, he began an easy conversation as if our meeting was the most natural thing in the world.

I wondered why he did not ask me where I was going, or if I reflected that my ticket stub in the strip of my manteau, sufficiently advertised my destination. There was nothing more serious about Manning. He was commonplace in looks, was short, thick set, with a full and florid face, kindly beaming, blue eyes, no beard, and a slight and thin mustache. He spoke in an extremely modulated and low tone of voice and there was a certain flavor of Boston in his speech the pronounced "B" words not met. Let us make the most of it, however, all the cynical things that I had said and came back to me with new force were being my refutation for the society of my fellow men.

Why do you make yourself such a bore? Do you know I sometimes think that there can be very little genuine friend ship among city men? That is all the cynical things that I had said and came back to me with new force were being my refutation for the society of my fellow men.

Because the world of society has gone

and left me high and dry, like a stranded bulk. I replied as gravely as I could. "Old fellows are being crowded out of their stools." I added. Those of us who are not married and forced to submit to the laws and sights of their own sons and daughters, are not so bad off but we like the slugs and arrows all the same."

He giddy young thing laughed and said "Well, I will put on mourning when you go to that monastery, that you seem to have in your mind a eye Mr. Chester."

"Monastery? It was not a bad idea."

Manning smiled quietly and then relapsed into a long reverie, it seemed to me during which I gazed out of the car windows in a morose kind of mood. Manning was drawn into it. He appeared abstracted. And without knowing why, I found that he was embarrassed.

Presently he raised himself with a question. "Going to stay long in St. Louis?"

It was my turn to be embarrassed. But I hunged brightly and told him that I was foot loose for a fortnight or so and had decided to take a flying trip into the west.

I had the west, the very name was odious, but I had never seen the country and perhaps I might change my opinion of it after I had looked on the region of which I had heard so much and seen so little.

I frankly told him that I was traveling to get rid of myself and my old associations. He brightened up at this.

"And you have old folks?" I added eagerly.

"I suppose my wife is filled with tears if you don't mind, I would like to bind you over to keep secret the fact that you have met me." Where are you going?

"Oh I'm going to hasten west. I have a farm there, fine place as 1st Tennessee ever been there? Of course not, since you haven't been west. It isn't you better take me in with you now?"

It was not a bad idea. I slept on it and next morning we were rap dally approaching the point where we must switch off if we were to go in a southerly direction.

Manning explained that he was a joint tenант on a large farm situated in the heart of the state, and that his wife and two sons had moved to a smaller property in the midst of the valley solitudes and into especially for the hand of an unscrupulous pleasure-seeker on the look out for men to help him to kill time. This led to hardy worth living or life.

It was odd how I grew to like Manning—it was odd how in thinking of him I was very much of a shut-in, so great was my despondency.

But I put the thought out of my mind.

Uncle Bob had overheard the conversation and asked "What's the trouble?"

"Suicide," I said. "Suicide is the only way out."

"Suicide?" Manning asked.

"Yes, Manning, and why?"

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"Yes, Manning

